

A  
A  
0  
0  
0  
4  
1  
9  
1  
8  
0  
5



01444-81041-5

In  
College  
Groves

*and other*  
Oxford Verses.

H. A. MORRAH.



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

Bellevue

from the author

1895



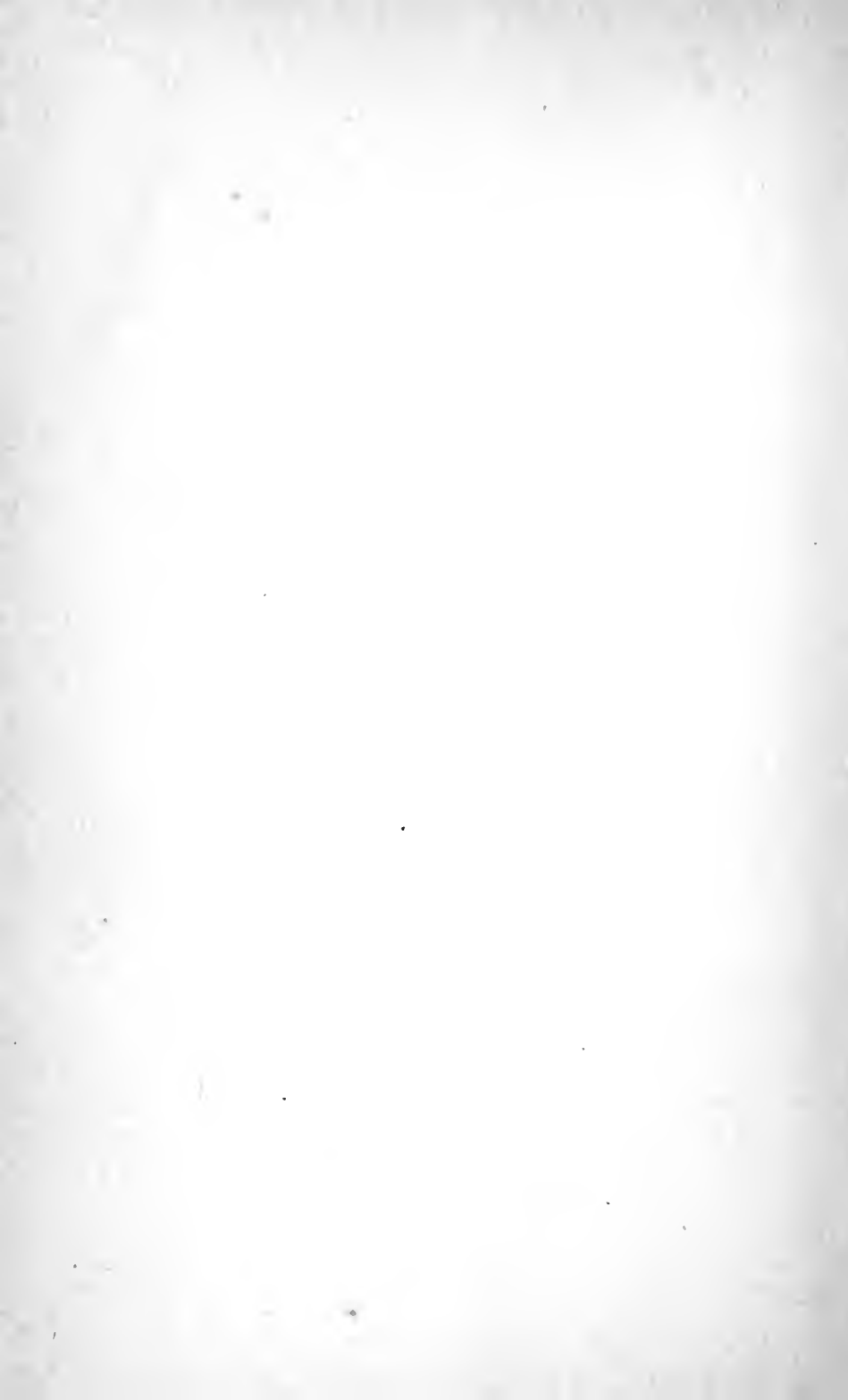


Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

*IN COLLEGE GROVES*

*AND*

*OTHER VERSES.*





IN  
COLLEGE GROVES

*And other Oxford Verses :  
chiefly reprinted from the  
OXFORD MAGAZINE.*

BY  
H. A. MORRAH.

*"The generations pass, as they have passed,  
A troop of shadows moving with the sun."*

Oxford:  
ALDEN & CO. LTD., BOCARDO PRESS.  
LONDON:  
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT AND CO., LTD.  
1894.



PN  
6110  
C7092

THE greater number of the verses in this volume have appeared during the past two years and a half in the *Oxford Magazine*: and I desire here to express my gratitude for the permission which has been accorded me to reprint them. I have also to acknowledge a similar courtesy, with respect to certain verses at the end of the book, from the Editors of the *Cambridge Review*.

H. A. M.

*St. John's College,  
Oxford.*

*November, 1893.*

824201



TO  
ISAAC GREGORY SMITH,  
M.A., LL.D.,  
*Formerly Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford ;  
Hon. Canon of Worcester.*

*I ASK you, kindest friend, to take  
This tribute for your kindness' sake,  
My thankfulness in simple phrase ;  
And let these grateful tones awake  
The sleeping thoughts of early days.*

*For while the sun's too dazzling beams  
Flood my poor brain, and many dreams  
Adown her channels teeming flow :  
I tread these groves, and then it seems  
I must have known them long ago.*

*Both you and I were younger then,  
And wiser, too, than older men  
Who view'd the world with straining eyes :  
There was no land beyond our ken,  
And none, except ourselves, were wise.*

*Do you remember still, our plan  
For rehabilitating Man,  
How Men would smile our hopes away ?  
The years have sped since we began,  
And we have smiled, as well as they.*

*Those happy times, illuming still  
The daily work we must fulfil,  
Our beacon-pyres have ever been,  
Lighting the points of hill and hill  
And even the vale that lies between.*

*Happy, because they still inspire  
Your hand to take her subject lyre  
And mine to sweep an echoing string,  
Till, glowing with the self-same fire,  
Your lips and mine together sing.*

*Therefore a dream it is not all,  
When fancies on my soul that fall  
The season of my days belie ;  
One life is ours : one Mother's call  
Evokes from us a like reply :*

*One home hath claim'd our love, and we  
Have but one thought in all we see ;  
One will to make our purpose one ;  
And one strong hope to keep us free  
When we must face the sinking sun.*

•





## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
<i>DEDICATION</i> . . . . .	vii
<i>IN COLLEGE GROVES:—</i>	
1. ST. JOHN'S . . . . .	1
2. NEW COLLEGE . . . . .	5
3. MAGDALEN . . . . .	9
4. WORCESTER . . . . .	13
5. BALLIOL . . . . .	16
<i>FRONDES ACADEMI:—</i>	
A CHALLENGE FROM ATHENS . . . . .	23
TO LADY RADNOR . . . . .	26
ODE COMMEMORATIVE OF A RECENT APPOINTMENT . . . . .	28
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST . . . . .	31
A SONG OF MONTHS . . . . .	32
PLUS DE POLITIQUE . . . . .	38
A REMONSTRANCE . . . . .	41
VANITAS VANITATUM . . . . .	43
CHANGE! . . . . .	47
THE SONG OF A PASSIONATE PILGRIM . . . . .	50
A BARGAIN WITH BROTHER JONATHAN . . . . .	55
A QUESTION OF CRITICISM . . . . .	59
A SOLILOQUY . . . . .	62
A WELCOME TO OXFORD . . . . .	65

*VACATION SONGS:—*

MOSEL-LIED . . . . .	69
BETTY . . . . .	72
IDLESSE . . . . .	75
TO F. C. M. . . . .	77
RIHAPSODY . . . . .	79
CELIA . . . . .	81
'O SING AGAIN' . . . . .	83

*AT CLOSE OF DAY:—*

DUM SPIRO SPERO . . . . .	87
THE AULD SHEPHERD TO HIS DOG . . . . .	89
Ἄνδρῶν Ἀνακτι . . . . .	92
LUX IN TENEBRIS . . . . .	94
IN MEMORIAM E. H. B. . . . .	96
IN MEMORIAM J. K. S. . . . .	98
SUNSET . . . . .	100

*IN COLLEGE GROVES.*



## IN COLLEGE GROVES.

### I.—ST. JOHN'S.

#### I.

A LITTLE while, a very little while  
The right is mine through these dear groves  
to stray ;  
But, having known them thus, their tender smile,  
Their friendly light, will touch my life-long  
way,  
Bright as this sunshine gilds the lawn to-day.

A little while ; and even now I see  
From moon to moon each gradual change  
appear,  
With jealous eyes I notice carefully,  
Moving apace, the brilliant to the sere,  
Spring, summer, autumn, and the fall of the  
year.

And when a shadow falls upon my soul,  
The death-like phantom of a wasted hour,  
And fingers point me to the distant goal  
That should be nearer ; while the shadows roll  
Here in these silent groves from flower to  
flower :

My youthful blood is warmer than before,  
For still in heaven there shines one single  
star  
Both day and night for me, upon the store  
And fountain of my life, and covers o'er  
Honours that might have been, with hopes  
that are.

## II.

For here my trust in earth-found treasure, here  
All my fond loves have framed and nurtured  
been ;  
And, though I leave them soon, I need not fear  
Forgetfulness of this familiar scene,  
This earthly Paradise of grey and green ;

This royal front and ancient house of grace  
Graved on my brain in every curve and line,  
No stern assault of Time can aye efface ;  
And this last window, where the creepers  
twine,  
Is dearer than the rest, for it is mine.

Mine for a season only, since for me  
The thought is not here in these groves to  
dwell ;  
Others may long their proud possessors be,  
Others, who shall have won them worthily,  
But never can have loved them half so well.

## III.

Enough for me that I have learn'd to know  
This glorious garden-ground, and yet may  
roam  
A little longer, where the varied glow  
Of many blossoms planted high and low  
Lights up the land that I have call'd my  
home ;

Enough, enough : and soon to turn with pain  
But still with hope, from groves untouch'd by  
care,  
Thinking some day to tread this path again ;  
As one who leaves some house serenely fair,  
And trusts awhile to be remember'd there.



## *II.—NEW COLLEGE.*

TO O. N.

### *I.—THE QUESTION.*

FRIEND, if a man could hear your organ peal  
From this old window, one whose lot is cast  
Deep in the mould of labour, and could feel  
New from the blazing sun and scathing blast  
Aught of the love that sanctifies the past :

I think the shock of those God-given powers  
Sudden and solemn thrilling through his brain  
Would fill his heart with higher aims than ours,  
And he beneath these crumbling stones attain  
The wish and will to live his life again.

But we, with dubious morals on our lips,  
And scornful smiles for every youthful whim,  
Who would not stay the merciless eclipse  
That makes the glory of a planet dim,  
Have kept our way without a thought of him.

We have our virtues: if it were not so  
This lofty pile were long ago decay'd,  
Nor would these garlands thus divinely glow  
That fringe the mantles of descending shade  
And deck the sober earth before they fade:

But if in playing our appointed part  
We fail to take the measure of our pride,  
That splendid force wrung from the Founder's  
heart  
Long years ago, is shaken and denied,  
And but the names of ancient laws abide.

## II.—THE ANSWER.

The Founder sleeps: no dreams disturb his rest.  
His mute companions praying at his feet<sup>a</sup>  
Bear the same hope to God which east and  
west  
Long generations bore: that here the seat  
Of truth might stand, and grace and know-  
ledge meet.

<sup>a</sup> In the chantry at Winchester.

All prayers are heard; and if a thousand fears  
And doubts arise; if all our sages cry  
Because the footsteps of the fleeting years  
Beat change too slowly, whilst their pulses  
die;  
There still remains the guiding force on high.

“O let us keep our cloisters free from change!”  
“O call true freedom from the ancient days!”  
Who gives the answer? In the endless range  
Of chance, what choice will best direct our  
ways?  
Let us be silent: seek, in prayer and praise,

The light, the truth, the faith, until the end:  
Leave all vex'd questions; life is scarce  
begun;  
Knowing that here in light the Virtues bend<sup>b</sup>  
Their gaze upon us, lest a day should run  
To its last hour, and good remain undone.

<sup>b</sup> Referring to the famous window in New College Chapel.

Then there shall be more kindness, less delight

    In setting riddles for poor souls to guess :

More earnest battles for strong arms to fight :

    More sense, more common honesty, and less

    Of that coarse scorn men take for cleverness.

### *III.—MAGDALEN.*

#### I.

NOT once, but often, by this favour'd stream  
    Whence on the land perpetual pleasures smile  
    Flooding with light each ivy-column'd aisle,  
My soul hath rais'd the palace of her dream.

Jasper, and pearl, and purple amethyst  
    Shine from the walls: the floor is paved with  
        gold:  
    The ceiling, gemm'd and jewell'd, doth un-  
        fold  
A dazzling space the sun hath lately kist.

Here Time can take occasion to delay,  
    Within these walls his step is seen sedate,  
    For man's goodwill it seems his pride to  
        wait  
And rest awhile upon his hasty way.

To these fair halls what chosen joys belong!  
What untold pleasures from her gardens spring!  
What high desires when men arise to sing  
At dawn of day the Eucharistic song!

## II.

Come, while the world is asleep,  
Rise, ere the day is begun;  
Once again greeting the sun;  
'Tis a love-tryst that you keep!  
Come, while the world is asleep!

See, in the blushes of day,  
Hear, in the lays of the birds,  
Happiness higher than words,  
Hope, higher far than decay,  
See, in the blushes of day!

Listen, a thanksgiving song  
Comes, as the morning appears;  
Light grow the burdens of years;  
Tender, and joyful, and strong,  
Listen, a thanksgiving song!

## III.

My palace fades, as castles built of air  
Are shatter'd by the lightest passing breeze ;  
The hymn dies down to silence thro' the trees ;  
And still I wander in a garden fair.

Fortune is full of kindness. Men complain  
Of her rebuffs : but here she hath combin'd  
The joys of body and the joys of mind  
Against the sternest discipline of pain.

Many will rise, in days to come, and bless  
The hours through which she shone upon them  
here ;  
Some, whom the greater world hath reckon'd  
dear ;  
Many, whose lives gave cause for thankfulness ;

Many whom ne'er the eyes of wisdom knew  
For worth or courage, or desired to see  
High in the world's esteem, as those must be  
Who draw new hopes within the common view.

## IV

And now the air is tuneful with the sound  
Of voices calling, "Onward! dream no more;  
Naught cares the world for this fantastic  
lore;  
Onward!" And I must go: for these have  
found

The zest of life in action. Be it so!  
These have their dreams, and thus bring back  
the light  
Of early days to their supernal sight:  
Their work is done, but mine remains to do.

Still when the dews rise mistily, or fall  
Unseen upon the meadows, I may ken  
Among the busy ways of storm-tried men  
Their daily presence; ay, and sometimes call

That palace built long since in Magdalen groves  
From the dim distance into life again.  
For here is truth, if any truths remain:  
The soul must find, or die, the things it loves.



#### *IV.—WORCESTER.*

##### I.

DEEM it not all presumptuous, if I praise  
Worcester, thy name, and honour, and delight,  
Mindful of him, thy son, who loved to raise<sup>c</sup>  
The burden of his memorable days,  
And sing the glories of thy "terraced height":

Since with a friend's and not a stranger's pace  
I wander here beneath thy trees which shine  
In mirrors where their branches interlace;  
And linger yet a little while, to trace  
The chequer'd life and story that is thine.

##### II.

Now strange monastic shadows, grown more cold  
Than desolate winter-darkness, rise to fill  
Thy heart and home, and fearful I behold  
As in a glass their ghostly arms enfold  
Thyself and thine within embraces chill.

<sup>c</sup> The late Dean Burgon of Chichester.

But now the clouds are lifting, and a call—

A sudden call to arms hath pierced the gloom :  
Rise thou to meet it, lest a heavier pall  
Descend, dear Worcester, on thy glades, and fall  
Thy name unhonour'd to its unknown doom !

### III.

'Tis well ; decline and honour pass the gate  
Close on each other's steps, and hasten on  
Along the mazy pathways, then to wait  
Until at last the high behest of Fate  
Command the one or other to be gone.

And when a single unsubstantial breath  
Divides the bournes of splendour and distress,  
There strive together strength of life and death ;  
But Fate the word of love awakening saith,  
And there is room for hope and happiness.

## IV.

So to recall old struggles it is well ;  
Though pains of battle long forgotten lie,  
Batter'd the walls of every citadel  
Point to the perils which of old befell,  
Lest men forget how easily they die.

And here, because the voices of the dead  
Yield many a message with a tender tone,  
Keep, Worcester, on the pleasant path they tread  
Still for thy sons the lamp of wisdom fed,  
And they shall dare to face the world alone.

V.—BALLIOL.

*October and, 1893.*

I.

THE same, yet not the same. Since yesternight  
One leaf is fall'n from yonder sunlit bough,  
Lies 'mongst the rest the ruddiest still, and  
now  
Hath caught in death hues of undying light.

There was due music to its timely fall;  
The sound of heav'nly anthems, and the strain  
Of notes not all imperfect, whilst again  
One grand chorale echoed through the hall.

And men could hear, as tho' strong voices sang  
"Now thank we all our God": and learn to  
know  
How truly in the ages long ago  
This world of earth at first to order sprang.

Then, with the moving of diviner breath,  
Hear a new gospel on an angel's wing  
Break through the golden silences, and bring  
The broader day of unrestricted faith.

## II.

Dear Master ! yours the power to teach, to  
spread  
Light from the heart of love-enkindled fires ;  
Yours the supreme devotion, that inspires  
Life from the ashes of the holy dead.

All thanks to you ! for dismal were the days :  
Zeal undiscover'd, patience all a-cold,  
Love little credited ; but you were bold :  
And now the world grows weary in your praise.

The old, old story ! Take the lesson home,  
Ye that are cramp'd and bound in narrow  
spheres ;  
God's world is wider than your hopes and  
fears ;  
Hither no harm in life or death can come.

But they whose lives are tuned to chords that  
chime

With all things good unceasing harmonies  
Have sighted first that favour'd land, which  
lies

Between the farthest gulfs of time and time.

### III.

And here, whilst daily voices ring to prayer  
And the high roof answers the frequent song,  
And still at dark'ning eventide the long  
Call of forethoughtful birds hath caught the air :

Here thro' the constant change of work and rest,  
Where, duly guided by his master-hand,  
So many hearts have help'd to bind the band  
That knits in one the zones of East and West :

Be yours the aim in earnest wise to make  
All generous works firm-rooted and secure,  
All noble plans half-fashion'd, to endure  
'Gainst storm and tempest, for the Master's sake.

Set high in sight the claims of brotherhood;  
The right of thought in things both great and  
small;  
Learning, and learning's praise; but first of  
all  
The name and fame and knowledge of the good.





*FRONDES ACADEMI.*



## A CHALLENGE FROM ATHENS.

[*Vide* a letter from Sir E. Monson, then Her Majesty's representative in the Greek Capital, to the *Times*, Jan. 28, 1891 (a few weeks after the famous Head Masters' conference), on the vexed question of the pronunciation of Greek.]

QUAKE with consternation frantic,  
Doctors, dons, and deans pedantic!  
    One prolific,  
    One terrific  
Foe to follies professorial  
Comes in arms, the Thunderer shielding,  
Weapons all incisive wielding,  
Comes, to shock your minds unyielding,  
Modest Monson monitorial!

“See,” he cries from chair legative,  
“Scholars unappreciative  
    Who, dull-witted,  
    Have omitted  
Half the life from poets' pages:

Note their false and wrong proportions,  
Mark their tongues' uncouth contortions,  
Mouthing insular abortions

From the lips of peerless sages!"

O traducers of position,  
Foes to ancient erudition,

Men erratic,

How emphatic

Is the truth that you are spurning!  
'Tis no shame, though men of letters,  
Here and there to ape your betters,  
Therefore, loose your self-wrought fetters;  
Ev'ry lane must have a turning.

Do ye not, ye tutors, mutter,  
When incipient charges stutter?

Words sarcastic,

Measures drastic

Frame ye not for men that mumble?  
Do ye not, when dim and hazy  
Quantities obscure and crazy  
Loom through some construction mazy,  
Liberally groan and grumble?

Do ye not, with sigh and shudder,  
Shun the man that talks of "Budder"

(Meaning Buddha)

As you would a

Nasty dose of paregoric?

His offence is over-rated;

Yours is not one whit abated;

*He* has never claim'd nor stated

An<sup>s</sup> omniscience historic.

Stay, ye learnèd, and in staying

Know the danger of delaying;

Stir your action

To retraction,

Scotch and kill your aberration;

Or announce, in terms laconic,

Telegraphic, telephonic,—

Dons and doctors deferential

To Head Masters consequential:

"*English-Greek* is not essential;

We withdraw the Obligation!"

*TO LADY RADNOR.*

[On the occasion of her visit to Oxford, with her ladies' orchestra,  
for the performance of "King John" by the O.U.D.S.]

LADY, ere your music dies,  
And its echo, fainting, faileth,  
While those thrilling harmonies  
To renew, it yet availeth;  
Ere relentless Time, the thorn  
To our rose of Life's enjoyment,  
You and yours afar have borne,  
Us recall'd to stern employment:

Take our thanks! although they be  
Framed in terms unsatisfying,  
Since the tools of courtesy  
Practice we have none in plying;  
Thanks unworthy,—we in vain  
Soar to themes of exaltation;  
How could otherwise a plain  
Prose-entrammell'd generation?

In the polish'd golden days,  
Days of dalliance and pleasure,  
Men would set their grateful phrase  
To some quaint melodious measure ;  
Gallants would themselves forswear,  
Bold with oaths of classic savour,  
Did they know, from ladies fair  
So remarkable a favour !

Speak we though of days ago,  
This too stolid age forgetting ;  
Is it wonder, thinking on  
Such a play, in such a setting ?  
Gad, by Alma Mater's name  
Ev'n our lukewarm hearts are burning,  
Gratitude hath fann'd the flame,  
Thus our lips our thanks acclaim :  
"Speed the day of your returning !"

*ODE COMMEMORATIVE OF A  
RECENT APPOINTMENT.*

[(Three years and a half) after the Laureate.]

I.

SIXTY times the winter snows have fallen  
(One and sixty times, to speak precisely),  
Since, my lord, you were matriculated.

II.

Roundell, premier Lord of Selborne,  
Noted for brilliant distinctions  
Rare indeed in our annals ;  
Winner of numerous prizes,  
Mark'd with Oxonian approval,  
Ratified by the great world ;  
Come, and receive with our blessing  
All the regalia of Stewardship.



## III.

Nothing of the arduous or the awkward,  
Nothing of th' irrelevant or irksome :  
All is sober, slow, somnolent sinecure.

## IV.

You then, Heads of Houses,  
You then, newly gown'd fledglings,  
Meet all at midnight at Carfax ;  
Send up the scintillating firework,  
Spare not your caps, nor your voices,  
Throw them promiscuously skyward,  
Diff'rences drown and misgivings,  
Drinking with zest to his Stewardship!

## V.

All his distinctions and his honours  
But fulfil his youth's best hope and promise :  
They're the *Natural History of Selborne* !

## VI.

You, Lord Selborne, the learnèd,  
You, the Hymn-book Compiler,

You that have added much lustre  
In days gone by, to the Woolsack :  
You, good Carnarvon's good successor  
Hailing, as he did, from Hampshire ;  
Lend your kind ear to our welcome :  
Read it, 'twill cheer you at Blackmoor :  
Con it, and know that our greeting  
Is "Length of days to your Stewardship!"

\* \* \* \* \*

## VII.

Are there shadows on the life of Oxford ?  
Have some mortals bid farewell to sunshine ?  
Stay! though present hours be fraught with  
sorrow,  
And though the elements forewarn disruption,  
We yet shall see, if we but welcome Selborne,  
Once more "the light of other days" around us

*NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST.*

(After R.K.)

OH I have been North and I have been South  
and the East hath seen me pass,  
And the West hath pillow'd me on her breast  
that is circled round with brass,  
And the World hath laugh'd at me and I have  
laugh'd at the World alone  
With a loud hee-haw till my hard-work'd jaw is  
stiff as a dead man's bone.

Oh I have been up and I have been down and  
over the sounding sea,  
And the wild birds cried as they dropp'd and  
died at the terrible sight of me ;  
For my head was crown'd with a star and bound  
with the fire of utmost hell,  
And I made my song with a brazen tongue, and  
a more than fiendish yell.

“O curse you all for the sake of men that have  
lived and died for spite,  
And be doubly curst for the dark ye make where  
there ought to be but light;  
And thrice be curst by the deadly spell of a  
woman’s lasting hate;  
And drop you down to the mouth of hell who  
would climb to the Golden Gate!”

And the world grew green and grim and grey at  
the horrible noise I made,  
And held up its hands in a pious way when I  
call’d a spade a spade;  
But I cared no whit for the blame of it, and  
nothing at all for its praise,  
And the whole consign’d with a tranquil mind  
to a sempiternal blaze!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

All this have I done and have brought me back  
to work at the set of sun,  
While I put my seal to the thoughts I feel  
in the twilight one by one ;  
For I speak but sooth in the name of Truth  
when I write such things as these ;  
And the whole I send to a cultured friend, who  
is learnèd in Kiplingese !

## *A SONG OF MONTHS.*

SEE, the banners of the morning!

Hark, acclaim of Chanticleer!

All the world her way adorning,

Blooms the foremath of the year;

There is music eucharistic

From the tower of Magdalen,

And the poet, meek but mystic,

Takes his mild perennial pen.

Takes his pen, no longer fearing

Bane of any hostile moon,

For the summer is a-nearing,

May is harbinger of June;

Wherefore nothing heard nor read of

His ærial flight deters,

Nay, nor any passing dread of

Lunacy Commissioners.

Chants he then : "*Labuntur menses,*"

Better thus, so Spring be sped !

Better thus, so mortal senses

Be no longer tortured !

Yet one sigh for January

Must escape, though months divide ;

Shall no recollection tarry

Of our last toboggan-slide ?

But the sequent days, their rigour

(Thine, O Februarius !)

Chill'd the body, warp'd the figure,

Sear'd the very soul of us ;

Days, when merriment of "Johnner"

Wean'd the mind from tragedy,

Togger-days, replete with honour

Not alone for B.N.C. ;

Days when good resolves at matin

Warm'd apace, but warm'd to cool ;

Weak they were, as passmen's Latin,

Weak as hymeneal rule :

And the weather's strange vagaries  
Chill'd our hearth and household gods,  
To a tune whose echo varies  
With the winds of March and "Mods."

April, destitute of glories  
Came, when academic gloom  
*Mensis et procuratoris*  
Veil'd our tributes to the tomb;  
Came, the diligent precursor  
Of a "pathless tide of ills,"  
When the grim and greedy bursar  
Framed his tortuous battel-bills.

These are past: and now in duty  
(Every month must have her due)  
Hymns the poet "May-and-Beauty"  
(Though he sings of nothing new);  
Tests his immature conviction—  
"Poets must be up-to-date"—  
In his choicest flower-diction,  
Sense alert, and soul elate:



*See, the morning banners rosy !*

*Hark, the royal roundelay !*

*Haste ye, deftly twine the posy*

*Dew-besprent, for Queen of May ;*

*Hers the gift, though yours the giving,*

*Hers the choice, but yours the cheer,—*

*Light, and love, and all things living,*

*In the foremath of the year !*

## PLUS DE POLITIQUE.

(With the usual apologies.)

"The *Oxford Magazine* has no politics."

No politics! I think you're right,  
And yours the happiest scheme!  
Whilst others plot the livelong night,  
You, peace-enthral'd, shall dream;  
You, when the earth absorbs the dew  
And dear Apollo's ray,  
Shall your invigorate theme renew:  
"No politics to-day!"

No politics! not even the plans  
Drawn from some doubtful school,  
Which neither bolsters up, nor bans  
The projects of Home Rule;  
Not only 'gainst decisive fads  
Your dictum stands to stay,  
But "Tories none," you cry, "No Rads,"  
"No politics to-day!"

I used to think, that here, no doubt

We should the plague elude

Of the electioneering tout

And his detested brood ;

But in his unregenerate train

A Tutor leads the way ;

Here then is reason for your pain :

“No politics to-day!”

And then how sad, the disregard

Of politics for law!

How could they, think ye, deal so hard

With Mr. Bernard Shaw?

For nothing can, as nothing could,

The Magdalen rage allay ;

They thirst for socialistic blood :

“No politics to-day!”

“No politics!” the world will spin

Upon its axis fair,

Though you refrain from screwing in

Your tedious doctrinaire :

And blest indeed relief will be  
From thoughts of "what will pay,"  
To those who join your catch and glee :  
"No politics to-day !"

So let us talk of Mr. Snow  
And of his Broad Church plot,  
Of "what-you-call," and "so-and-so "  
(Whose names we mention not) :  
Let's all the news discuss, and tell  
About the great Greek play ;  
Let's hope that it may flourish well !  
"No politics to-day !"

## *A REMONSTRANCE.*

BOLTED—how strange in these liberal days it is!

Barr'd—and I find myself left in the lurch!

I, who desire (to my manifest praise it is)

Merely to enter the 'Varsity Church.

Where is the man who's responsible for it? he

Makes a nice hash of the Dual Authority!

I have a right, not much less than his own, I  
think,

Windows, and pulpit, and pillar to scan.

Is it the Vicar though? He not alone, I think,

Stands in the way of the 'Varsity man.

Whisper it softly, the fact of the matter is—

He has the aid of proctorial batteries!

Dear Mr. Vicar! Revered Mr. Ffoulkes, if you

Only could know how we long to get in!

We would consider it one of your jokes, if you

Open'd the portals,—and call'd it a sin.

(Week-day church-going, in sense parenthetical,  
Doubtless in your eyes is more than heretical!)

Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, and other men,  
Blind devotees of the fetter and bar!  
Thus to exclude your less eminent brother-men  
Surely is carrying matters too far.  
Though for the Golf-ground ye cherish a preference,  
Hath not *Newmania* claims on your deference?

So ye deny us? O bloated plutocracy!  
Foster your folly as long as ye may,  
Not very long shall an anger'd democracy  
Bear the stiff yoke of your infamous sway.  
Soon a loud laugh shall enliven the fall of you:  
Vicar, Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, and all of you!

## VANITAS VANITATUM.

ECHOES FROM A COLLEGE LIBRARY.

*Voces.* STRANGER! let the world alone;  
Have you heart to leave us?  
Some will stay, when you are gone,  
Still to gall and grieve us;  
Dust, and her neglectful breed:  
Dog's-ear, sooth were better meed:  
Stranger! *Friend!* relieve us!

*Juvenis.* Spirits siren-throated,  
How ye counsel ruth!  
Here, in castle moated,  
Life would pine, and Youth.  
I must rather, by the trial  
Of determined self-denial,  
Scale the steep of Truth:

Antiquated treasure  
And forgotten lore  
In my hours of leisure  
I will ponder o'er ;  
Then our aims shall be united  
Till the eyes of men have sighted  
Lands unknown before.

Therefore, no delaying,  
For I must be gone ;  
“Hasten,” she is saying  
Whom I dote upon ;  
Hearts of men attract the motion  
Of all feminine devotion,—  
Hearts,—*and ye have none !*

Nay, I dare not linger  
Longer, for I see  
Plain the beckoning finger  
Of the Time to be ;  
Yea, the World, while *ye* grow older,  
And in dust and darkness moulder,  
Feels the need of *me !*



*Voces.* Friend, from some unfathom'd well

Strange conceits you borrow :

We, alas ! can truly tell

You but dredge for sorrow :

Leave the World, for Learning's sake ;

Dreaming else, you must awake

To a mirthless morrow !

For, indeed, your words are vain,

Your ideas erratic ;

Muddle-tongue and scatter-brain,

Dullard, dolt, fanatic !

Shun ambition, love abjure,

Take instead (reward is sure)

Book lore in an attic !

*Juvenis.* That were consolation

For the world, goodwot !

Hope is life's salvation ;

Tell me, is it not ?

Is not then your weary yearning

For this sacrificial learning

But a selfish plot ?

*Voces.* Go your way ! too well we know  
Youth can never alter.  
Wait awhile, till hope die low,  
Beauty fade and falter ;  
Till your precious love, indeed,  
And enthusiasm, lead  
To the grave, or halter !

*Juvenis.* Now I know your meaning.  
None could ever move  
Thoughts so overweening  
From their narrow groove :  
Cease your conversation rabid.  
Tell me, spirits sour and crabbed,  
“ *Were ye crost in Love ?* ”

TACENT VOCES : EXPLICIT DIALOGUS.

## CHANGE !

*“ Wednesday, March 9th. Election of Proctors.”*

NOT yet, though Time is flying, blossoms the  
vernal larch ;

We stand indeed, wind-cross'd, between the Nones  
and Ides of March ;

Nought stable is, nought steadfast, nought keeps  
an even way,

(For boats that have not yet been bump'd may  
meet their fate to-day).

And all is changing with the tides, and Term is  
passing on

Into that past, whither, alas, anterior Terms are  
gone ;

Lies half in light, and half in shade, yon presi-  
dential chair,

As on the breeze is borne the breath of some  
election-scare ;

Whilst some discuss, and some propose, and  
Heads of Houses scheme,  
All men's discomfiture but theirs, the crude congenial theme,  
Our fashions change ; our hobbies change ; our  
habits change ; and so,  
Like habits, hobbies, fashions, too, our Proctors  
come and go !

So let them meet at B.N.C., and meet in Hertford Hall,  
And let them hand to every man the ballot-box  
and ball ;  
Choose duly one from each to wear the well-worn rabbit-skin,  
Then gaily ring the old year out, and ring the  
new year in !

Ring out the old ! a truce for both, to bench,  
and court, and street,  
To all the troubles and the joys that they have  
had to meet ;

May they achieve the right reward of past  
proctorial pain,  
And Laud and Durham watch above the spirits  
of the twain!<sup>d</sup>

Ring in the new, and wish for them good luck  
and many fees;  
May they work hard, as Proctors should, and  
scorn the way of ease;  
And if they know not how to treat our incon-  
siderate youth,  
May they consult without delay the Editor of  
*Truth*!

<sup>d</sup> The outgoing Proctors were members of St. John's and University Colleges respectively.

THE SONG OF A PASSIONATE  
PILGRIM.

["Co-operative parties to Rome and Chicago. . . . Any who wish for further particulars should write to Hartlebury Castle, Kidderminster."—*Advertisement in the OXFORD MAGAZINE.*]

O THE glory and the beauty of prolific concentration !

(Please to listen just a moment while I sing) ;  
O the swiftly coming seasons of vehicular elation !  
(I can see them, I can hear them on the wing) ;  
Happy days when every nation, by complete co-  
operation,  
Shall be occupied in constant travelling !

Not the wearisome itinerance of modest little  
batches,

Though they're good enough of course to work  
upon ;

Not your Bishop's pious party, with an instru-  
ment that matches

Very well the broom of Mrs. Partington ;  
Nor a scheme that may-be catches here a man,  
    or boldly snatches  
From his happy home some ill-condition'd  
    don ;

*But* an unrestricted project of dimensions all-  
    embracing,

With authority that no one shall gainsay,  
And a variegated map of many acres, interlacing  
    All the land that lies 'twixt Oxford and  
    Cathay ;

With a Board to mark the pacing, and to regu-  
    late the racing

Every year upon an instituted day.

Then the French shall go in thousands for to  
    hear some man of learning

Read on over-population at Pekin ;  
They will wander helter-skelter through Bess-  
    araby, returning

In due time by way of Paris to Berlin;  
For with love of knowledge burning, all the  
world will be discerning  
That the Government of Sentiment is in.

And Londoners shall go to see the Irishmen  
untying  
All their legislative knots with Irish skill,  
Whilst a horde from Honolulu will be feverishly  
hieing  
To the shrine of Mr. Cook at Ludgate Hill;  
Man with man for ever vying in the frequency  
of flying;  
For the cost of transportation will be *nil*.

And if *you* would have a foretaste of our future  
locomotion  
(I think I hear the surging of the foam);  
Of the days when all will travel with superlative  
devotion



And nobody will ever stay at home;  
Here's a Cambridge scholar's notion: you shall  
go across the ocean,  
And 'tis Mr. Haweis waits for you in Rome!

Will he lecture on "Dead Dogma"? you have  
only got to buy a  
Very reasonable ticket, and you'll see;  
Or Mahaffy—in Chicago—"Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία"—  
And it matters very little to the fee;  
But it sets my heart afire, as the shadow  
draweth nigher  
Of the post-historic days that are to be!

O the beauty and the glory of completed con-  
centration!  
(I think I hear the rustle of a wing);  
O the seasons fast approaching to their perfect  
destination,

And the added joy to life that they will bring,  
In the days when every nation, every rank, and  
    race, and station,  
Shall be occupied in constant travelling!

*A BARGAIN WITH BROTHER  
JONATHAN.*

HAVE you heard of the plan of that wonderful  
man

*Brother J.*, whose proposals so far go:  
He has written to sue for the 'Varsity Crew,  
Which he wants us to send to Chicago:  
And I hear for a fact that his offer is back'd,  
In a way that must flatter our vanity,  
By an offer of gold that we can't but behold  
With the vision of Common Humanity!

In addition he schemes for our eminent teams,  
To display in the Land of the Dollar  
The way that we come to get into a "scrum,"  
And our wonderful art when we "collar";  
And he thinks of all this for the ultimate bliss  
Of the world, though the casual caviller  
Says he offers us pelf for the sake of himself,  
Not at all for the sake of the traveller.

Shall we send them to see how they take a  
degree

Where the nature of all things immense is?  
What a wonderful chance for our men to  
advance

In the learning that comes by the senses!  
But we mustn't forget that a value is set  
On the treasures that England can generate,  
Nor allow *Brother J.* to take heroes away  
Without some compensation at any rate!

If we send for a time to that wonderful clime

What we scarcely can spare for a season,  
Let us also despatch a promiscuous batch

Of the things that endanger our reason:  
Let us send for awhile what is good and what's  
vile

O'er the azure blue deep where the fishes  
lie,  
That our cousins may see in the Land of the  
Free

That we manage such matters judiciously!

Then our music shall go: Dr. Parry shall show  
That the same of most various styles is,  
And we'll send them the row that we always  
have now

Upon Sabbath-day eve in Saint Giles's;  
And to further our love so as clearly to prove  
That our action by no means to hurt is  
meant,

We will send the best part of Ruskinian art,  
And our triumphs of vulgar advertisement!

In addition we'll send our most plain-spoken  
friend—

In a word, Mr. R-b - ns - n S - - tt - r,—  
But assuredly he must accompanied be  
By an average specimen Tutor;  
So the Yankees shall find that the cap we've  
design'd

Will correctly the few and the many fit,  
And will readily pay for the pleasures that  
they

Have prepared for our absolute benefit!

Be it so ; there is not any charm in the plot  
As it seems to the natural vision,  
And it cannot be said that men mightn't be led  
To regard it with scorn and derision ;  
I will only observe that most easy to swerve  
From one's way in the dark I have heard it is,  
And that treatment of jest is undoubtedly best  
For our eminent brother's absurdities !

## A QUESTION OF CRITICISM.

[Dedicated to the *Edinburgh Review*: The Minor Poet :  
and Mr. Andrew Lang.]

WHEN the splendid fulminations of an undis-  
cover'd sage  
In an admirable rage  
To illuminate the page  
Of a sober periodical foregather'd to engage :  
When his pantomimic thunder  
Upon poets' heads was spent :  
Was it most a thing of wonder  
Or a matter for lament ?

Like the snapping of a cracker when his innuen-  
does sprang  
On the tender-headed gang  
With an unexpected bang,  
And disturb'd the nervous system of delightful  
Mr. Lang :

Was there any mortal failing  
Out of kindness to reflect  
That the poets are an ailing  
And a persecuted sect ?

If philosophers arrange an Inquisition of the  
Schools  
Where their nicely temper'd tools  
Are administer'd by rules  
Made expressly for themselves and only dangerous to fools :  
And if then our keenest fencer  
In his manner cold but kind  
Tortures Mr. Herbert Spencer  
For his treatment of the Mind :

Is there any living mortal with a particle of sense  
Who 'd be urging in defence  
That the subject is immense,  
And that logic should be shallow, since the  
human brain is dense ?



Would not rather such a creature  
Take a possible delight  
In the scene's most likely feature  
Of the tortured showing fight ?

But the poet must be treated in a very different  
way :

He is not of common clay !

Far apart from any fray

Let him weave the sentimental and the imitative  
lay !

Yet one makes interrogation :

Need a critic talk so big

For the simple delectation

Of the literary prig ?

## *A SOLILOQUY.*

*AT CARFAX.*

### I.

WHAT means this noise that fills the air,  
This rude and ribald sound ?  
Does some uncouth Professor dare  
To venture shyly from his lair  
That he may strew Red Ruin where  
The City holds its ground ?

### II.

Nay, let them wreck St. Mary's spire,  
And take of spite their fill ;  
Set the Ashmolean on fire,  
Or wreak their despicable ire  
On the much decorated quire  
Of Keble, if they will :

Let them pursue their festive larks,  
Touch old Duke Humphrey up with sparks,  
And then make havoc of the Parks,

Since they must pay the bill:  
But oh! by all things fair and free,  
By all that is and is to be,  
This Sacred City let us see  
A City Sacred still!

## III.

If haply these so much despise  
The Buildings of the Town,  
That they have cast disdainful eyes  
Upon this House that all should prize,  
This Home of happy memories,  
Longing to cast it down:  
Their frequent debt recall to them,  
The mirth and music of Commem.,  
And trust to Chivalry to stem  
The actions of the Clown!

## IV.

But stay ! beside these falling gates

What smiling figure stands ?

Is it the Mayor who contemplates

Joyful the Raising of the Rates,

Who would not stay the frowning Fates,

But with a jocund mien awaits

The work of ruthless hands ?

Sees the good soul, with thanks for it,

That not henceforth his friends will sit

And talk ; but soon, as ghosts, shall flit

Across the scene of civic wit

In aldermanic bands ?

Nay : for you hear him chuckle low ;

He lets his satisfaction grow,

And chortles horribly, as though

Some frightful and insidious foe

Were captured on his lands :

And hark ! His Worship cries, in bliss,

“ We shoot as those who cannot miss !

Full soon their pride will fail, I wis !

Fine feathers make fine birds, and this

The City understands !

## *A WELCOME TO OXFORD.*

(COMMEN., 1893.)

ONCE more beneath battlements olden,  
Once more beneath skies that are blue,  
Where fairies weave tapestries golden  
And carpets of emerald hue :  
Where Youth is companion'd by Laughter,  
Where Life is unburden'd of Care,  
And tender love-echoes come after  
The words of the fair ;

There comes to our mirth and its measure  
No thought of the hours and their flight,  
No method determines our pleasure,  
We reckon no rules of delight :  
The sun in the sky is above us,  
His rays in our river lie clear,  
So come, and make glad, if you love us,  
The heart of the year !

O welcome ! our fairies a table

Shall spread you at twilight and dawn,  
Where the summer spreads amber and sable

In sunshine and shade on the lawn :

O welcome, to walk unprovèd

Where life knows no fetter nor chain,

O welcome, thrice welcome, belovèd,

And welcome again !

*VACATION SONGS.*





## *MOSEL-LIED.*

(Brodembach-an-der-Mosel, 1892.)

A SONG, a song! the day is fit for singing set  
to laughter,  
And be so strong the voice of it, Time must  
come quavering after,  
And be so true our notes upborne in melody  
and measure  
As to make new, for night or morn, the ancient  
tale of pleasure!

Who would not sing, so far away from business  
and bluster?  
Eke might a king join in the lay where these  
vine-tendrils cluster,  
Where hills sun-drest have touch'd with fire the  
cold, the cross, the weary,  
And scorch'd to rest man's dull desire for psalm  
and Miserere!

Who would not sing, when shines the sun on  
    ev'ry crag and boulder,  
When bird on wing, though day be done, denies  
    the world is older,  
When through the air from yonder blue some  
    message comes a-sighing  
Of life more fair and pure and true, unending  
    and undying ?

When on the bushes by the banks of this love-  
    laden river,  
And thro' the rushes' serried ranks, the dancing  
    sunbeams quiver,  
When the whole earth with healthy love of life  
    is heavy-laden,  
Yet light with mirth to melt and move the heart  
    of youth and maiden ;

When friends anear and friends afar have gilded  
    life with kindness ;  
When none need fear a blast of war to touch  
    the world with blindness ;

When reckoning the things that bless the fount  
of ev'ry nation ;  
Who would not sing for thankfulness their song  
of exultation ?

O summer-land of song and wine, O land of all  
things pleasant !  
O stream and strand that so combine the future  
and the present !  
Let the 'thought drown of dreadful days that  
might our loves dis sever,  
And echo down these tranquil ways the Song of  
Peace for ever !

## *BETTY.*

### I.

BETTY, when the woods up-springing  
Lose their silence and their shame,  
When the cheery carol-singing  
Choir hath set its anthems ringing  
Echoes through this earthly frame ;  
Betty hath my fond allegiance,  
Heart, and soul, and mind, and aim.

### II.

Betty, now that summer blazes,  
Still my song and still my praise is :  
Other pleasuring have I none ;  
When the dew-encircled daisies  
Flash like diamonds in the sun,  
Still, for my complete allegiance  
Betty is the only one !

## III.

When the golden year is dying  
And the autumn leaves do fall,  
When the voice of some one sighing  
“Time is flying—Time is flying”  
Answers to the lover’s call:  
Betty hath my fond allegiance;  
Betty is the best of all!

## IV.

When the frozen runnels glitter,  
And the crazy zephyrs litter  
Crispèd leaves o’er vale and hill;  
When the air is keen, and bitter  
Blasts of wind are calling shrill;  
Still I hold my fond allegiance,  
Only Betty rules me still!

## V.

Bring the holly and the roses,  
Since she loves them well, and bring  
All the wealth the year discloses,  
Mellow Autumn’s russet posies

And the tend'rest buds of Spring :  
All to prove my proud allegiance,  
All for Betty's pleasuring !

## *IDLESSE.*

I WANDER'D idly by the sea,  
Thinking upon our island story,  
With all the uncompleted glory  
Of those who strove to keep her free

Till in the flush of English pride  
That came upon me, through the roar  
Of those strong waves that beat the shore,  
I rose above myself, and cried :

‘Life of the sea, beyond control—  
Whilst waves sweep onward to the main—  
Of those that here and there again  
Think with strong cords to bind her soul ;

‘O bear me onward, from the small  
And narrow compass of my pride,  
And let me hear beyond the tide  
Of earth and time that voiceful call,—

‘The call that once they heard, who made  
Their lives thenceforward more and more  
Noble and earnest, till they bore  
Honours that could not fail nor fade;

‘So hearing fearfully, may I  
Rise not less readily than they  
To meet the new uncertain day  
As those who love to live or die.

‘Enough; what I have said, O sea,  
Is but the humming of a shell;  
Much unto those that love me well,  
An empty murmur unto thee.’



*TO F. C. M.*

(With a volume of Charles Kingsley's "Scientific Essays.")

HERE is a book for a serious child!

Here is a treatise for erudite men!

Diction that's elegant, learning that's mild,

Make their cause common, and give you good  
den;

"Happy returns!" is the message they bring,

"May your young life be perpetual Spring!"

Now you shall study the crust of the Earth,

Zoölite, oölite, coral, and lime,

Fathom the secret and marvel of birth,

Painfully tracing the up-trend of Time;

Then in square cap, and with hosen of blue,

Boldly appear to our mystified view!

Thus with my wishes, fraternal and kind,  
Give me to greet you, though late in the day;  
Act we as children, too soon shall we find  
What is the ultimate end of our play;  
What tho' Dame Science be frowning the while?  
Life is still nought, but a tear and a smile!

## *RHAPSODY.*

*(NEW STYLE.)*

HERE in the rays of the sun and the various  
light of the flowers,

Reckon no longer for me the swift flight of the  
petulant hours ;

Paint me no contrasts in shadow, of sunshine  
and storm ;

Time in this place has no murderer's deeds to  
perform,

Time is the slave of the songs of the birds, and the  
birds make their songs thro' the showers.

Bring me a posy and garland wash'd sweet by  
the rainfall at noon,

Teach me the meaning of scent, and of colour  
that vanisheth soon ;

If so you will, you may show me the vaporous  
nature of youth,  
I am no craven, to turn me from death and the  
truth,  
Mine is a heart can retain all the glamour and  
passion of June.

More, for the glamour and passion, their pain  
and their pleasure are mine,  
Mine they have been since I drank in the  
sorrows of roses and wine,  
Mine they remain though I fathom the laborous  
deep.  
Mortal, immortal, all secrets are mine, or to  
give, or to keep :  
All save the secret of sleep, and the secret of  
sleep is divine.

## CELIA.

(A name in my Birthday Book.)

WE met. How, where, and was it long ago?  
Have I forgotten? May-be yes—and yet  
Much though I misremember, still I know  
We met.

Mine are the memories of days gone by;  
I drink again with greedy lips the air  
Of sweet *Waldmeister* and the *Schnapps* that I  
Can't bear.

I hear again dear *Mutter Mosel's* flow  
Under the *Trauben* while the shadows fall;  
I hear the noise of many things, and "blow"  
Them all;

For Celia's voice is not those sounds among,  
No Celia comes to light my heavy load,  
It is not Celia's form that goes along  
The road ;

She is nor here nor there : only a name !  
All else, her face and fashion, I forget ;  
But still my mind's whole burden is the same :  
" We met."

We met, we parted. Let the might-have-been  
Some graven stone against that parting set,  
Some little stone to keep its memory green,  
Mark'd with these words, two sever'd lines  
between,—  
" We met."

*'O SING AGAIN.'*

O SING again your spinning-song,  
And let me turn the page,  
For at your summons clear and strong  
Comes back the golden age.

The blanchèd face of dreadful Death  
Seems through the dark to smile,  
And sleeping knights take back the breath  
That they had lost awhile.

With bounteous fare the halls are stored,  
And all the rafters ring,  
When honour'd guests for bed and board  
The splendid nobles bring.

Here maids and matrons rise, and move  
Through tangle-blossoming bowers,  
Who fashion in their narrow grove  
A statelier life than ours.

But through the music of the throng  
That treads my Fancy's stage,  
I know it is your spinning-song  
That brings the golden age.



*AT CLOSE OF DAY.*



DUM SPIRO SPERO.

WHILE yet the light which God once gave  
Doth (but a little) linger,  
And Time the measure of my grave  
Takes with his lean forefinger ;  
While in the tender rose-and-grey  
The moments sink and shorten,  
My youthful hopes are ta'en away  
As hostages to Fortune.

For, I had thought, Life, at its best,  
Thrill'd ev'ry living creature  
With boundless hope and deathless zest  
For the work and play of Nature :  
I saw her pleasure in the task  
Of making all things riper ;  
I watch'd the dance : but did not ask,  
“ *Who is it pays the piper ?* ”

But now, alas ! the truth is plain  
    (Since one has put the query)  
That all the world makes mirth in vain  
    When all the world is weary ;  
No profit is in music play'd,  
    In eyes' delighted glancing,  
When ev'ry merry man and maid  
    Is tired to death of dancing.

Enough ; some hand upon the sky  
    The stars again hath shaken.  
I'll leave of Life the how-and-why,  
    And think I was mistaken.  
But give me back, to-morrow morn,  
    The season fresh and vernal,  
And grant my early faith, new-born,  
    To prove itself eternal !

## *THE AULD SHEPHERD TO HIS DOG.*

(After R. B.)

AYE, callant, while there's licht athwart  
Yon gay expanse an' meadow,  
Nae doot afflicts thy leesome heart,  
Thy sonsie face nae shadow ;  
Reck naethin' then, for fleetin' years  
Oor friendship canna wither,  
Sae lang we tread, wi' smiles, wi' tears,  
The gang o' life thegither !

It wasna thine, auld friend, to bask,  
Lang syne i' ways sae sunny,  
Yet still thou 'll welcome ilka task  
Wi' looks baith brave and bonny ;  
Sae true thou 's gi'en thine answering smile,  
I'd ca' thee amaist human,  
Yet ne'er, as thou, sae free fra' guile  
Was ony man, or woman !

Thou wi' fause airts o' warldly pomp  
Hast had nae kin' o' dealin',  
For Nature's chiel maun frisk an' romp  
Wi' friends o' fellow-feelin' ;  
Sae thou an' I shall ance reca'  
Beneath these skies o' azure,  
Past times and seasons vanish'd a',  
O' pride and proper pleasure !

How wad we hail, of auld, the day,  
An' revel in its glory,  
But now my haffet-locks are grey  
An' thine are amaist hoary ;  
An' gin, my callant, I should last  
These pleasant days o' simmer,  
I dauna think the winter's blast  
Wad spare my agèd timmer !

Weel, I maun gang, an' gang fu' sune ;  
Sae wad I dee—fu' gaily ;  
Life should be like that piper's tune  
Wha skirls his quantum freely :

To them wha rest o' cheerful min'  
Guid hope o' peace is given ;  
Nae groanin', moanin' son o' sin  
Unbars the gate o' heaven !

An' shall I leave thee, friend, to mourn  
An' make a friend o' sorrow ?  
Nay : for thou 'll hae me to return  
An' hopefu' wait the morrow :  
I'll ask nae wealth o' carven stanes,  
Nae gravin', nae adornin',  
Gin thou 'll be watchin' o'er my banes  
Till ding o' doomsday mornin' !

## ANΔPΩN ANAKTI.

WE heard you speak ; we felt the thrill  
That holds us all in bondage still  
To you as chief of men to-day :  
We heard and sigh'd, as who should say,  
"Yet men are mortal, work and will ;"  
Because we thought it vain to scan  
The measure of the perfect man.

We heard you call the ancient days  
To life ; and as you trod the ways  
Of honour with a pace sedate,  
Showing the throne where Wisdom sate  
Surrounded by a golden haze ;  
And when you clear'd the doubtful shame  
That clouds an unforgotten name ;  
And when you bade us reverence yet  
The saying on our portals set  
That we should keep it evermore ;



We gave you thanks ; but still we bore  
Within our hearts a secret fear  
For all we honour and revere.

O it is well that we are bound  
In bonds and trammels ; compass'd round  
With bands that we shall never break !  
Else were we tempted much to make  
Man and the shade of man's renown  
Of perfect life our aim and crown ;  
Aye, and at last deserve the rod  
Of the all-righteous wrath of God.

## *LUX IN TENEBRIS.*

### I.

WHEN the sun darts his rays upon the earth  
Suddenly thro' the gloom of darkening days,  
And one broad gleam of light betrays the girth  
Of life we thought half-stifled in the haze:

Then, standing at the parting of those ways  
That seem to lead unequal paths along,  
Let us relax awhile our anxious gaze  
And turn to meet the Future with a song.

### II.

So let us climb to that far eminence  
High from the world, where men have never  
stood,  
Far on a boundless sea beholding thence  
Argosies burdenèd with all things good:

And while their pennons glitter in the flood,  
Their sails reflecting glory from the sky,  
Let us re-echo in our hardihood  
The burden of their distant harmony.

## III.

*“Fortune shall shower her flattering honours down  
Lavishly on us, and the years in store  
Give to Renown in hand, till we the crown  
Achieve that none have e’er achiev’d before !”*

O let the world despise their wisdom’s lore !  
This honest laugh’s a more inspiring strain  
Than theirs, who peeping thro’ yon half-closed  
door  
Turn back with jeers to face their friends  
again.

IN MEMORIAM

EDWARD HAROLD BROWNE, D.D.,

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.\*

*Obiit 1891.*

(TO THE MOURNERS.)

O YOU that loved him, you that spread  
For one so gentle and so brave  
Comfort at eventide, and fed  
Still with fresh oil the light he gave ;  
Who lent his footsteps strength to tread  
Gladly the pathway to the grave :

For you that mourn, for you that weep,  
Here is the secret of his peace :  
*There is no death.* O let the deep  
Low murmur of your mourning cease,  
And hear the song that through his sleep  
Speaks of redemption and release :

\* The Bishop of Winchester is Visitor of five Oxford Colleges :  
New College, Magdalen, Corpus, Trinity, and St. John's.

“How blest the life of mortal man,  
His death how far removed from tears,  
When hopes, that shrinking Youth began  
To consecrate with doubts and fears,  
Rise up fulfill’d, to light the span  
Of all his children’s coming years !

“O dearly loved, to guide your view  
Beyond this earth’s uncertain line  
Across the vast of old and new,  
How clear above all laurels shine  
Over the cypress and the yew  
The fierce pure fires of life divine !

“Beyond the pale of human ill,  
How high beyond all blessing blest,  
Who learn serenely to fulfil  
God’s merciful and high behest :  
Far from the cries of wanton will  
The silent peace of perfect rest !”

*IN MEMORIAM*

*J. K. S.*

(February, 1892.)

How chill the breath, how cold the long  
lament—

“Promise new-born, new-shrouded in the  
grave;

In vain, in vain the midnight oil was spent;  
Too frail life's bark on time's storm-beaten  
wave.”

And we who wove for him the laurel crown,  
A poet's garland, had forecast the time  
When he should lay his jester's bauble down  
And rise above the littleness of rhyme;

“He should achieve,” we said, “what they  
achieve

Who lead the busy forum of the world,

Teaching the thoughtless what they should  
believe,  
Bearing aloft the flag of truth, unfurl'd :”—

And then pale Death silenced the silvern tongue,  
And now we mourn a spirit wayward, strong.  
“*Alas!*” we cry, “*Whom the gods love die  
young:*  
*Whom the gods love are not remember'd long!*”

## *SUNSET.*

Lo, the strong sun in his celestial state  
Hath wrapt this earth in wonderful array,  
And the pale leaves, at sweet Saint Mary's gate  
Flash back the glory of departing day :  
Hope speaks to Hope the word, and seems  
to say  
"Watch thou, and work, and pray ; it groweth  
late."

"It groweth late." The message comes to all  
Borne on the pinions of the unknown air ;  
Some heed, because their loss were others' gall,  
And some ignore, whose counsel is despair ;  
Then unto Love Love whispers : "Wilt thou  
dare  
This bane and spoil ? Beware ; the shadows  
fall."



The shadows fall ; and many, year by year,  
    Seek fame and fortune by the fading light ;  
If they but count the cost, the way lies clear,  
    Patience and labour scale the furthest height :  
    “Keep well the goal,” saith Life, “the bourne,  
        in sight,  
Soon fall the shades of night ; and death is  
    near.”

“It groweth late :” yonder, the sinking sun  
    Smiles on the porch he slowly crimsoneth  
Before he sets ; and so the earth moves on  
    Silent and patient, to decay and death.  
    “ And yet not all,” cries Youth, “is waste  
        of breath ;  
“Only too soon,” he saith, “the day is done !”

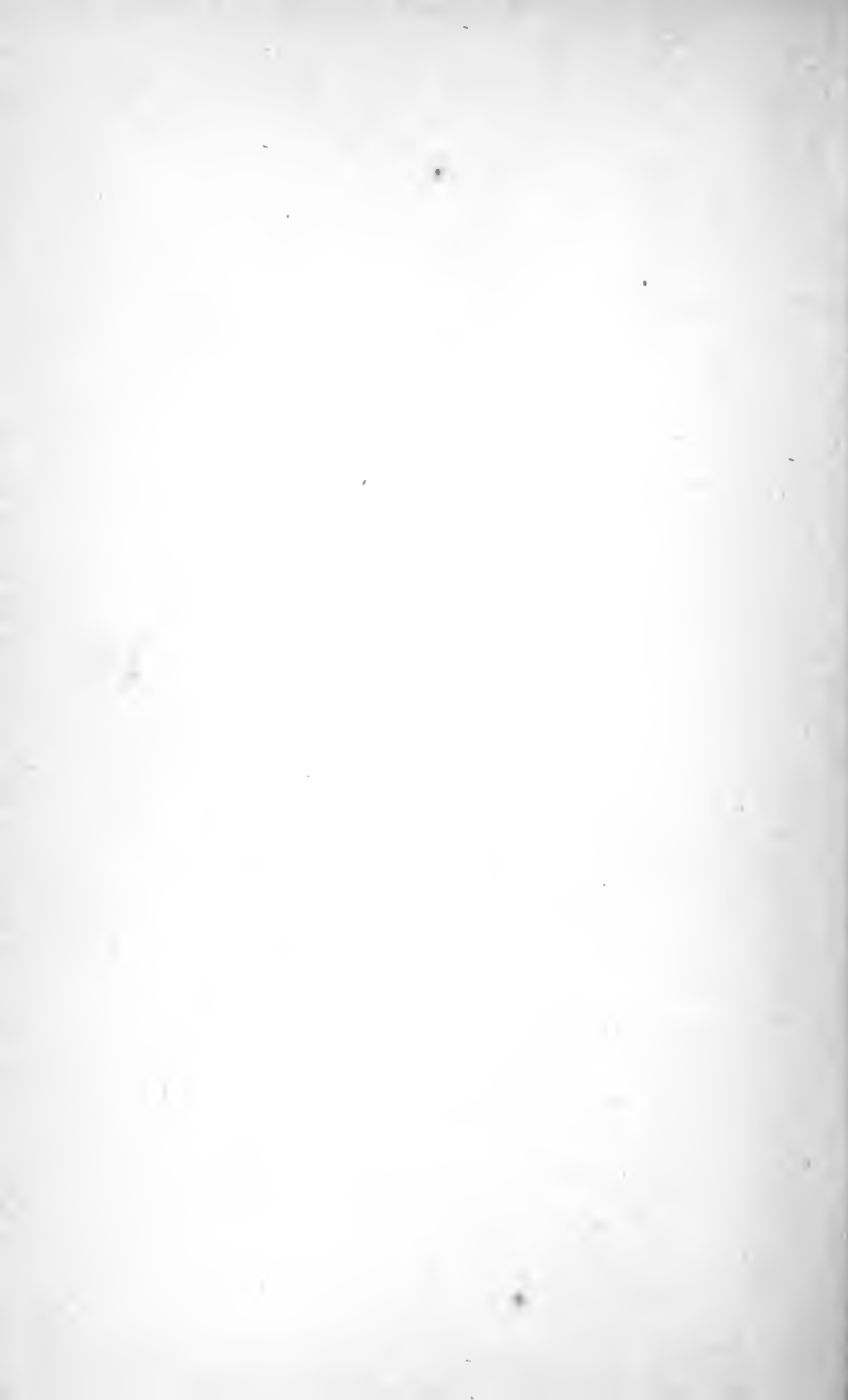
*THE END.*

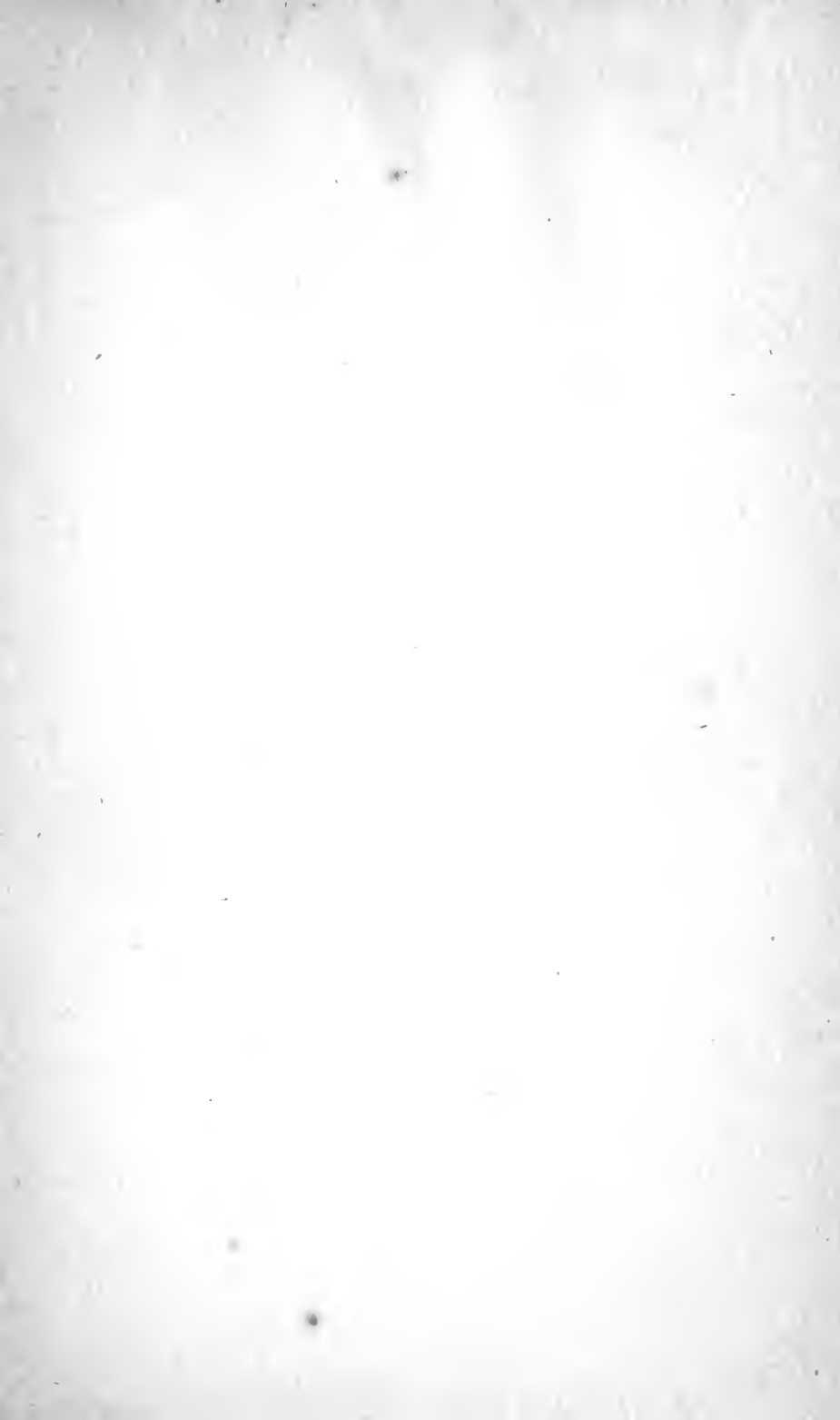
Oxford :

PRINTED BY ALDEN & CO. LTD.,

BOCARD O PRESS.







UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-100m-9,'52 (A3105)444

*Kind regards  
9 Good wishes*

*With the authors*

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

PN Morrah -  
6110 In college groves  
C7092

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 419 180 5

PN  
6110  
C7092

